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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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✂ Advertisements for

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Should be handed in before June 15th.

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

Puck this week consists of

✂ 20 PAGES. 63

This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns,
 which obliges us to add a supplement of

✂ 4 PAGES, 63

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE want it distinctly understood that we
 are not going out of our way for any Con-
 vention—certainly not for the miserable
 little two-by-nine, single-barreled, small-potato
 Convention lately in session at Chicago. We
 despise all Conventions; but that Convention
 we look upon as an organization of despera-
 does, a horde of murderers, an army of politi-
 cal tramps and a den of thieves. And we
 wish the public to know in what position the
 above-described association has placed us.

The National Convention of the Republican
 Party met in Chicago on Wednesday, June 2nd.
 The ostensible object of holding the Con-
 vention was to nominate a candidate for President
 of the United States; and, as we understood
 the situation, the said candidate was to be nomi-
 nated in time for us to get off an effective car-
 toon and a lot of crushing editorial comments
 in this week's issue. We had made every pre-
 paration possible. We had cartoons sketched
 out to meet every possible contingency. We
 were ready for any nomination that the Con-
 vention could make—Grant, Blaine, Sherman,
 Washburne, Edmunds—it didn't matter; we
 had cartoons laid out for every one—even for
 the off-chance men—Private Dalzell and Ham-
 ilton Fish.

And the editorial fireworks that we had laid
 in! There was a scorching for Grant—a blaz-
 ing aurora whose weird brilliancy should make

visible to the whole country the perils of impe-
 rialism; there was a smaller Aurora for Blaine,
 to be turned so as to glimmer right on those
 Mulligan letters; there was a cold and clear
 electric light, arranged to illumine Mr. John
 Sherman's moral anatomy, for purposes of search-
 ing investigation; there was a pretty little halo
 of mild and genial beauty, which we were go-
 ing to hitch round the head of Mr. Edmunds,
 and there was a very good second-class halo
 for Mr. Washburne. As for Fish and Dalzell,
 we had made ready to celebrate the nomina-
 tion of either by letting off a whole bunch of
 literary fire-crackers, whose crackling should
 express the humor of the situation.

But it takes time to get up cartoons. Artists,
 Editors, Publishers, a small army of press-men
 and a large number of unattached talkers, con-
 sume four days in the week in bringing to per-
 fection those noble works of modern art which
 adorn our 1st, 10th, 11th, and 20th pages. Satur-
 day is the last day on which the cartoons may
 be handed over to the mercies of the big
 steam-presses, if every one of Puck's readers
 is to have his pictured sheet delivered to his
 eager hands on the next Wednesday morning.
 Editorials can be written and printed in the
 space of time which it takes a raindrop to slide
 down a streak of lightning; but, on this paper,
 literature has to wait for its slower and gaudier
 colleague. Hence, we are going to press to-
 day, Saturday, and shall be obliged to postpone
 to next week our proposed illumination of the
 political horizon.

That's a nice way for a Convention to treat
 the Only Journal of Humor, Satire and Colored
 Illustrations in the country, isn't it? That
 Convention has been in session since Wednes-
 day—for all we know, it may be in session
 when you read this, gentle reader—talking and
 arguing, and organizing, since Wednesday, and
 doing everything but nominate a Presidential
 candidate. Nevertheless, it would have been
 easy enough to do it in one day. There are
 very few names before the public. There was
 a Third Termer whom nobody wanted, and a
 queer character from Maine whom very few
 people wanted, and, these two elements elimi-
 nated, the choice rested between Edmunds,
 Washburne and Sherman, and a copper, judi-
 ciously used, might have settled the question.

But we've headed those convention people
 off—yes, we have! They wouldn't nominate
 a candidate in time for us to give the subject
 appropriate treatment in a cartoon. Very well,
 we have narrowed the issue down to the simpler
 one of Grant's success or failure. There we
 have the business just where we want it. There
 are only two things they can do in that matter.
 They must either nominate him or not nomi-
 nate him. If Grant is not nominated—and it
 looks very much that way, this pleasant Satur-
 day afternoon—why, our picture of the Grant
 locomotive in a state of smash comes just in
 the nick of time. If Grant is nominated, that
 picture must be taken from a prophetic stand-
 point. It shows what will surely happen next
 November. There we know we're right, and
 we are not afraid to go ahead.

If Grant is nominated, the legend under that
 front-page cartoon will be

AFTER THE CHICAGO CATASTROPHE.

If he isn't, the "caption" will read:

THIS PERFORMANCE IS POSITIVELY POSTPONED
UNTIL NEXT NOVEMBER.

And as to this editorial department, if we can't
 be sharp up to the times this week, why, we
 can take it out in characterizing this Con-
 vention as a dilatory fraud and failure. We shall

see to it ourselves that the next is composed of
 men with a clearer understanding of the neces-
 sities of illustrated journalism.

Mr. Talmage is keeping himself before the
 public in an agreeable manner for this kind of
 weather. His latest achievement was the bap-
 tizing of twelve women and six men, by im-
 mersion in a goodly-sized tank on the platform
 of the Tabernacle. It is not our purpose to
 discuss the respective merits of sprinkling or
 dipping, in order to make a first-class Christ-
 ian; but for this time of year, for those who do
 not take a bath every morning, the dipping
 process we think decidedly the more desirable.
 But while we are always strenuous advocates
 for cleanliness, without special reference to its
 concomitant godliness, we are of opinion that
 Mr. Talmage, as a professional gospelist, ought
 to proceed on the principle of "live and let
 live," and not interfere with the rights of pro-
 prietors of bathing establishments. Mr. Tal-
 mage will have more than he can do in morally
 cleansing sinners than in troubling himself
 about their physical condition.

But if Mr. Talmage hasn't enough work to
 do, we can furnish him with a subject to which
 he can turn his god-like attention; we mean the
 legalized plunder in the shape of legal fees that
 is going on around us at all times. One would
 have supposed that we Americans, in enacting
 laws, would have been careful to avoid all the
 legal balderdash and complications which
 characterize the statute books of England and
 other civilized countries. Not only have we
 not done this, but we probably have worse and
 more expensive law than any other nation in
 Christendom. We can't get away from lawyer's
 law; it is with us when we lie down and when
 we get up, when we are born and when we die.
 That is, if the lawyer thinks there is anything
 to be got out of us. Lawyers are necessary
 evils to a certain extent, but it was never in-
 tended that they should prove the incubus they
 now are. The country has about ten times as
 many lawyers as it requires; they are a much
 greater nuisance than the doctors, who are in
 pretty fair supply. They do their best to en-
 courage litigation, that they may live. They
 wither every unfortunate estate that may happen
 to fall into their hands.

How they stick to anything where they smell
 fat fees and booty! They are human wolves,
 hawks, vultures, cormorants and sharks. They
 break up homes for fees. Few have any sense
 of justice. A smart lawyer rather prides him-
 self on the way he can twist any law to suit his
 own purpose: and when he becomes a judge
 his conscience does not improve in delicacy.
 He can torture the law to save a scoundrel
 justly convicted, or to consign him to the gal-
 lows or penitentiary, just as it suits him. There
 is no equity or justice, but plenty of law—and
 yet no two lawyers ever seem to know what the
 law is. We will not enlarge on the anomalous
 condition of things by which, even in trifling
 matters, what is law in one State is not law in
 another. Law, as at present practiced among
 us, is neither an honor to our intelligence or
 civilization. It is a licensed system of needless
 and shameless extortion forced upon society,
 and affecting it for evil in every relation of
 life. And yet these blood-suckers and para-
 sites are turned out by the hundreds, year after
 year, to prey upon us. They will not let us
 eat, drink or breathe without paying tribute.
 Our army of lawyers is a greater burden on the
 industry of the people than the military estab-
 lishment of the most despotic power in Europe.
 And what prospect is there of reform? None
 while three-fourths of our legislators belong to
 this now disreputable profession.

DOCTORS' DOINGS.

KILLERS AND CURERS IN COUNCIL.
PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

THE daily papers, notwithstanding the space demanded by the Chicago Convention, have given very full accounts of the proceedings of the medicine men in convention assembled who have been honoring New York with their curative and hygienic presence.

It remains for Puck to give a few details, in connection with the visit of the many eminent physicians from all parts of the country, which have not received the notice from our esteemed daily contemporaries that their interesting character warrants.

An enterprising firm of medical publishers issued a large number of invitations to all the visitors, and a host of prominent medical residents and others, to an excursion up the river and down the bay. The day was glorious, and the pennons and streamers from the proud steamer's awnings fluttered in the breeze as if conscious of its valuable medical living freight that crowded its spacious decks.

Puck was, of course, on hand, and felt deeply interested in the choice, not to say æsthetic, programme provided for the occasion.

At 11:30 A. M., the drums having beat to quarters, Dr. Hippocrates Galen Hahnemann Smith took the chair, and announced that the performance would commence with an interesting operation—"Cephalo-capillo-cutting." The patient was a gentleman with long, straight hair and of pious appearance.

He was placed in the middle of the saloon on a barber's chair, and a checked print robe was thrown over him and fastened round his neck; a towel was then tucked between his shirt-collar and throat. Dr. Dandruff Macassar grasped the patient by the scalp, and, holding a handful of hair, with the other hand, assisted by a pair of scissors, dexterously clipped off a quantity of the patient's raven locks.

Dr. D. Macassar repeated the operation a number of times until the patient's head presented quite a different appearance.

When the clipping process was over, Dr. Macassar resigned the patient to Dr. P. O'Made Bayrum, who poured some liquid curative compound over the hair and rubbed it well into the scalp with great briskness and ease in manipulation. He then annointed the patient's head with some yellow aromatic ointment, the composition of which is said to be a profound secret. Passing a comb and brush a few times over the scalp, the operation terminated amidst great applause.

The most remarkable feature of the affair was that the patient submitted to the terrible ordeal without the movement of a muscle, and without the aid of anæsthetics of any kind. What enormous strides have been made in medical science to have permitted such a glorious triumph as this!

Other very amusing and instructive operations followed. Among the more notable were "Staphyloplasty of the Liver-and-Bacon," "Excision of the Mucous Membrane of Tenderloin Steak," "Extraction of the Cortex," "Dissection of the Aythya Vallisneria," and "Amputation of the Tibia and Fibula of the Meleagris"—the patient, in this operation, being cooked to order.

A number of valuable papers were then read on the following subjects:

INCINERATION OF THE OLECRANON.
SOCKDOLOGICAL SUGGESTIONS ON SUBLAPSARIAN PHLEBOTOMY OF THE AQUASCUTUM.
GALVANO-CAUTERIZATION OF THE TEMPUS FUGIT.

EXTRAVASATION OF AMBIDEXTROUS OPTICS.
ABASEMENT OF THE VEST.

The day's proceedings were brought to a fitting close by an exhibition at once novel and original; which proved that the eminent medical firm who had organized the excursion had spared no pains to give their guests pleasure. It was a Grand Simultaneous Dissection of Sixteen Corpses.

The whole affair passed off in a most successful manner, several sudden deaths contributing to the hilarity.

DIARY OF A CENSUS ENUMERATOR.

June 1st.
HOW glad I am to get to work! I thought the time would never come round—and I have been so long idle. Two cents a name—excellent pay. Now I shall be able to save three or four hundred dollars, and put the amount into some nice fancy stock in Wall Street. Let me see, I have my portfolio, the blank schedules and blotting pads, my rubber inkstand—now for work. Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his face.

June 2nd.
I suppose I shall soon get used to the work. One is apt to feel a little awkward at first. I hope I shall do better to-day than yesterday. I succeeded in making but ten cents—five names at two cents a piece—but it's a beginning. Ludlow Street is included in my district. I thought I would commence with this locality. The first house I entered was not distinguished either by the beauty of its surroundings or its imposing appearance. It was a tenement house inhabited by foreigners. In as few words as possible I stated to the first gentleman I met the object of my visit. He wore a long beard, and had evidently not washed, and appeared of a taciturn disposition. I told him I should like to know his age, and that of his wife and family; that he would oblige me exceedingly by telling me where he was born, and by giving me other necessary information. He seemed to think for a moment. I stood with pen poised to put down the names. Then he spoke: "Me Russki—no spike English." I felt a little discouraged. I tried other floors and houses, but found nobody to give me particulars about anything. The names of a washerwoman and her four children I secured, however. Net earnings ten cents.

June 3rd.
Eureka! I have discovered the secret of census enumerating. Handed in a list of six hundred names, which makes me \$12 in pocket. I have no more trouble now. I know how to do it. I have my blanks filled in for my whole district, and I didn't trouble myself much about it either. The New York City Directory is an exceedingly useful publication. My imagination is almost of as much assistance.

June 4th.
Discharged, for too heavy average of Smiths to the block.

THE LECTURE PLATFORM—A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

MR. U. S. GRANT, GALENA, ILL.—Dear Sir:

Failing in other engagements, would you undertake to deliver, during the coming Lyceum Season, a Course of Lectures on

THE THIRD TERM:

ITS RISE, PROGRESS AND DOWNFALL!
If so, please address with First and Second Terms and conditions,

Your Obedient Servant,
Answer Paid. PUCK.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Puckeyings.

THE champion New Year's caller is nowhere. The Census-taker has laid him out cold.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA is dead. Mr. Cyrus André Field will probably put on mourning.

THOSE PEOPLE who have been betting on Grant for a fourth term have lost their money.

POLITICAL PHRASEOLOGY REVISED.—Should David Davis come out ahead at Cincinnati, he is likely to be known as the Dark Ox Candidate.

SEA GIRT, New Jersey, has been burnt. This is decidedly rushing the season, and proves that a Presidential election year demoralizes the weather and everything else.

IT SEEMS as difficult for Mayor Cooper to get rid of Mr. Non-Superintendent Dudley as it is for M. Coquelin or Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt to get rid of the Théâtre Français.

OTHELLO at Booth's Theatre did not afford the medical visitors much satisfaction. He uses a pillow to kill—an article which is not recognized in the American Pharmacopœia.

WE HAVE sent a team of unerring shots to Ireland. If the Dollymount managers will only put Mr. Parnell up as a target, say at 500 yards, they will deserve well of their country.

THERE is something to be done with "facilis des-Census"—etc., but it's too warm, and we haven't the time to waste on a small pun like that. Anybody can have it who will tell us what it is.

IT MAY not be so, and we don't wish to be too suspicious; but doesn't it look as if all this Census business were a little job of the Trow Directory people to get their names collected for nothing?

MR. POPFENDUZER says that the unit rule has been in force in his household for thirty years, and the only nomination it ever got him was one for the presidency of the Go-Up Old Baldhead's Club.

OUR good friend Dr. Lorne can't accept Boston's kind invitation to take part in the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement—and yet the weather is warm enough to enable the Doctor to wear low-necked dresses and high-necked socks.

MESSRS. LACKMEIER AND SANGSTER, the preternaturally enlightened hotel-keepers of Staten Island, fall into line with the liberal-minded Judge Hilton and Mr. Corbin in the exclusion of Jews. Mr. Ingersoll thinks if genuine Christians were to be generally excluded, all the hotels in the country would still be as crowded as ever.

'Tis THE delegate homeward returning,
Enlarged in his cranium and burning,
His eye has a feverish lustre,
And torn is his new linen duster.

Cock on high your drooping eye,
Uncle Sammy,
Rub until they're warm and spry
Your fingers clammy,
Smite the foeman hip and thigh,
Rally the Democracy,
Roll your mighty bar'l nigh—
Uncle Sammy.

DECEPTION.

DEPUIS une grande heure,
Bébé, je vous attends,
Et loin de vous je pleure,
Je compte les instants.
C'est en vain que j'écoute
Les pas dans l'escalier . . .
Cette fois, plus de doute!
Elle est sur le palier . . .
Aussitôt vers la porte
J'ai couru comme un fou . . .
Fou que l'amour emporte
Pour te sauter au cou . . .

* * *
J'ai failli de colère
Me pendre ou me noyer:
C'est la propriétaire
Qui vient pour son loyer!

NEW ORLEANS, 1880.

HENRI.

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET—Act IV.

IN Verona there was a variation in the length of the days of the week. Laurence says: "On Thursday the time is very short."—[Sc. 1.]

PARIS thinks the course of love consists of Venus' miles.—[Sc. 1.]

"A HOUSE of tiers" was, probably, the theatre.—[Sc. 1.]

JULIET's entrance seems to entrance Paris.—[Sc. 1.]

"UNLESS your leisure serves I'll see you later" is not the text, but is the way a modern Juliet would express herself.—[Sc. 1.]

THE Veronese appear to not have known whether Paris was a city or a county.—[Sc. 1.]

JULIET depended upon other arms than those of Romeo. A sharp knife, nigh if needed, was at hand.—[Sc. 1.]

THE Verona Nine used to "play the umpire."—[Sc. 1.]

JULIET tried to parry Paris' advances.—[Sc. 1.]

"WEDNESDAY is to-morrow" was more true and less grammatical than either suspected, when Laurence said it to Juliet.—[Sc. 1.]

THE friar's schedule allowed Juliet just "2:40" to do her dying in.—[Sc. 1.]

THE tomb of the Capulets was a bier vault.—[Sc. 1.]

JULIET, who went to the friar forsoothing, returns with only a phialent remedy.—[Sc. 2.]

THE old gentleman is so delighted with the approaching wedding as to invite the whole county.—[Sc. 2.]

JULIET, in her show-clothes, was dressed for the tomb, though seeming attired bride.—[Sc. 3.]

"I HAVE a faint cold," remarked the young lady, as though she had been asked to sing.—[Sc. 3.]

GAZING at her dagger, she exclaims: "There's a fearful point!"—[Sc. 3.]

SHE has a kin-dred of meeting her relations in the vault, and fears it will be tomb much for her.—[Sc. 3.]

THE girl is afraid of a few drops of poison, yet is poisoning herself through five long acts.—[Sc. 3.]

JULIET had to go through very terrible scenes, but she had sense enough to know that it was her own vault.—[Sc. 3.] JOHN ALBRO.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



NO. CXXIX.
OTTAWA (concl'd).

Ya-as, our stay he-ah dwaws wapidly to a close, because aw, ye see, the Pwincess and my fwiend aw Pwince Leopold have gone on a twip to Niagarwa and othah places faw the purpose of inspecting some portion of Amerwica. Aw and they have also wesolved to visit a town a considerwable distance west called Chicago, where, I undahstand, there are to be, or have been, some exceedingly interwesting pwocceedings wrelative to the election of an Amerwican Pwesident for some purpose or anothah. I believe he's wequired faw the United States.

I am informed that a gweat many people go to this place fwom everwywhere, with a view to having a wow about the particulah individual who is to wule Amerwica.

They make long orwations, and che-ah and wo-ah, and ballot, and go thwrough all kinds of performances calculated to bwing them into pwominence.

Aftah severwaj days of excitement, some fellow is at last made Pwesident; but, stwange to say, he's not allowed to take charge of the country until he has been we-elected severwaj months latah on.

Deuced odd, isn't it, that there should be so many pwocesses in this election business? But it is particulahly wemarkable that anothah and opposition wegment of political aw fellows in some wemote place wepeat similar performances and call themselves Democwats.

It's utterly incompwehensible to me why there should be a duplicate of this arwangement aw convention. Severwaj Amerwicans have endeavored to find some weasons for the affai-ah, but they are not verwy satisfactorwy. It is only one of those curwious contwadictorwy things which, if a fellow lived faw a wespectable numbah of centurwies, he could nevah pwopahly undahstand.

I wondah what sort of impwession the dem-onstwation will make on Leopold and the Pwincess.

The Pwincess asked 'if we should have any objection to her wanderwng wound with her bwothah, as he was only going to make a bwief stay, and that "John"—Lorne, ye know—would look aftah us durwng her absence. I weplied that I begged she wouln't mention it; that we had had an extwemely pleasant visit, and that we were obliged faw the attention and considerwation we had weceived, and that it was aw necessarwy we should take our departure, as we had an engagement in New York in a verwy few days. So that we are now being dwaggd to New York by the twain aw.

PHRASES FROM FOREIGN TONGUES.

WITH FREE AND EASY TRANSLATIONS AND ANNOTATIONS.

Custos rotulorum—The Baker.

Data fata secutus—Going it blind.

Causa latet—Boarding-house hash.

Cadit quæstio—Put up, or shut up.

Jacta est alea—Throwing for drinks.

Ipse dixit—Excuse me, I don't drink.

In nubibus—Taking it at the "shades."

Fortuna favet fatuis—Just Talmage's luck.

Caveat emptor—Look out for Cheap Johns.

Resurgam—Motto of the floored bumner.

Multum in parvo—A can of nitro-glycerine.

Lex talionis—You're another, and resent it.

Locus sigilli—On the back of the envelope.

Façon de parler—"And don't you forget it."

Gnothi seauton—You know how it is yourself.

Uberrima fides—Believers in Edison's electric light.

Chacun à son gout—Either straight or with sugar.

Palmar qui meruit ferat—Let him who wins treat.

Par nobile fratrum—Fernando and Ben Wood.

Semper paratus—Always agreeable to the invitation.

Sapere aude—Dare to be wise, but you won't succeed.

Lares et penates—If in New England, rum and molasses.

Laisser faire—Stolen bodily from the speeches of Jeff Davis.

Maximus in minimo—Too much water in too little whiskey.

Faire sans dire—Going out to see a man between the acts.

Tangere vulnus—Climbing up the back-bone of impertinence.

Revenons à nos moutons—Wall Street adage of experienced operators.

Vultus est index animi—And picture to yourself what the index of old Schenck's mind looks like.

Singuli de nobis anni predantur euntes—Such as umbrellas, overcoats and shoes, pocket-books and the like.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

PICTORIAL PUCKERINGS FOR THE CURRENT WEEK.



The tide of time incessant flows;
Of June the poets sing—
This adds a little to the woes
The months of summer bring.

The weather's heat, the city's hum,
The smell of brick and lime,
The asphalt sticky-soft as gum,
Betoken summer-time.

The theatres, one by one, have closed;
In streets devoid of shade
The swart Italian long has dozed
Beside his lemonade.

The concert halls are open still—
But oh! one tires of beer.
Our hot interiors we fill
With hotter whiskey clear.

And as the Temperance Prophet
saith—

In his amusing way—
Arm linked in arm with Rum and
Death,
Marches the Solar Ray.



June days may be extremely rare,
As Mr. Lowell states;
But in June days the Canine Scare
Yearly "eventuates."

It joys us not—indeed, it don't—
The ravished puppy's yelp—
We sympathize; but then we won't
Just undertake to help.

O June, that with a Phantom Purp
Troublest the citizen's dream—
No longer shall thy form usurp
The poet's sickly theme.

D. Davis's heart thou dost not make
With joy ecstatic beat.
Who finds out why he cannot take
The Presidential seat.

But if June bears too hard on you,
O heated reader, hark!
Kill yourself, but pray do not su-
icide in Central Park.



"A HOPELESS CASE"—WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. E. FAWCETT.

Oh, gaily they marched, that
Hebrew crowd,
To the inn from which Jews
were excluded:
You could tell by their voices
assured and loud
That they felt they hadn't
intruded;
And the father marched up to
the clerk, as proud
As ever a millionaire Jew
did.
But slowly and sadly they went
that day
Away from the Island of
Staten,
By that clerkly snob in a hor-
rible way
Humiliated and sat on.



For that clerk he said: "You're
an Ebrew Jew,
And you cannot put up at
this inn!"
And Herr Meyer answered:
"Dot vas not true —
Shoost you haef dot gootness
un' listen:
So help me dose twelif apostles,
me too,
Und my faemily *was* got
christen!"
But the clerk inspected them
all, and his head
Most dubiously was shaken:
"You *may* have been just bap-
tized," he said:
"BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO
HAVE TAKEN."

THE MUGGINS BOOM.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

MR. EPHRAIM MUGGINS NOMINATED.

HIS LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

HURRAH! Hurraw! Hurraw!
The national quadrennial circus is let
loose again!

The delegates from New York and Brooklyn
left in their usual train of palace cars.

The palace cars were palace wrecks when
they got through. The windows were smashed,
the seats broken, and the passages filled knee-
deep with the debris of whiskey-flasks, shattered
wardrobes, crushed hats, umbrellas, satchels,
boots, shoes, everything that goes to make up
a traveler's outfit, and which those dignified
delegates threw about in the exuberance of
their mirth and sportiveness.

They were very drunk—probably with joy.

As soon as we arrived in Chicago, regardless
of the intense cold and the deep mud, I started
out at once to see the delegates.

Every man promised to go for me as a second
choice. Some wanted to go for me then and
there; but, as a general thing, I pacified them
after the third or fourth glass,
and managed to get away
alive.

There is much enthusiasm
in the streets, and everybody
and everything is as drunk as
a lord, and the mud is very
deep.

The convention assembled
on the 2d of June, and every-
one made a scramble for the
chair.

After the dead and wound-
ed were carried out, some
lunkhead made a speech, and
then declared the convention
open.

Then seven hundred all
spoke at once, and there was
some little confusion.

Neither Grant, nor Blaine,
nor Tilden, nor Ben Butler
had the ghost of a chance.

Somebody made a motion,
and then there was another
fight. Fourteen killed and
two hundred wounded. I
wasn't killed.

Then there was much yell-
ing and shouting, and another
scrimmage. Only three killed

this time and twenty wounded. With my usual
alacrity I escaped again.

I was here, there and everywhere, buying
up the potent, grave and reverend delegates to
secure my nomination.

I spent \$87,956,572.15 to good purpose. I
could have spent more; but economy is the
soul of invention—or something like that.

Then a lot of scalpers brought in a platform.
The usual fracas ensued. Eighteen killed and
one wounded. This was sharp shooting, and
brought down the house. There was wild ap-
plause in the galleries.

After these preliminaries, they came to a bal-
lot, with the following happy result:

Whole number of votes	756
Necessary to a choice	379
Hon. Ephraim Muggins	750
Ulysses S. Grant	1
Benj. F. Butler	1
Sam'l Tilden	1
Chas. A. Dana	1
T. DeWitt Talmage	1
Scattering	1

Immediately on announcing the result of the
ballot, there was the wildest outburst of enthu-
siasm ever witnessed on this or any other con-
tinent. The band burst forth with the inspir-
ing notes of the dead march, and a crowd of
excited scalpers seized me in their arms and
bore me in triumph from the hall.

The convention appointed a committee to
hunt me up and announce to me the unex-
pected fact that I had been nominated. They
were not long in striking my trail; and, follow-
ing up the line of beer shops in that direction,
they soon discovered my whereabouts, and then
the secret was out.

At first I didn't believe it when they said I
was nominated, and when they assured me that
such was really the case, I thanked them kindly,
and pulled from my pocket and read to them
the following

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

Fellow Citizens!

You will please accept my grateful con-
dolences on this mournful occasion. I am the
victim of a misplaced switch—I mean con-
fidence. I accept the nomination which you
have thus so ruthlessly thrust upon me, not
from any patriotism—I am no patriot—but for
all it is worth. I am on the make. What do
you suppose I care for my country? I have
expended over \$90,000,000.00 to secure this
nomination, and shall spend as much more to
secure my election, and I consider it money
well invested. I shall double the amount in
four years, or I'm a maniac.

As an evidence of my disinterested motives,
I may say that I sacrifice everything in accept-
ing this nomination—truth, honor, integrity,
virtue, reputation and an honorable and pro-
fitable career in the patent
medicine business, simply be-
cause I can make more money
out of it.

Thanking you again for
bringing me this cheering in-
telligence, I join in the in-
vitation to take another drink,
and remain,

Yours abstemiously,
EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

P.S.—The papers are full
of reports of other nomina-
tions, and it is boldly asserted
that some politician is the
nominee of the party; but
don't you believe it. Every
reporter at the convention
was so blindly, stupidly drunk
that he didn't know what was
done, nor who was doing it.
I am the only true genuine
Chicago nominee of the Oily-
margarine party; all others
are spurious counterfeits.

The genuine may always
be known by the trade mark
and signature of

Yours unscrupulously,
EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

THE COMING EXPRESS.



BILLY, (on the track,) "There she comes, boys - I hear her—she
ain't no more than a mile away!"

RHYMES TO A-CHOIR.

IT was a Soprano, so young:—
For thirty-two years she had sung:
One night, when excelled
By another, she yelled,
And bit off the end of her tongue.
There was a sweet choir Contralto
Who had quite a genius for alto.
Said she: "Don't you bring
Another to sing,
For I wish to do it—and shall too!"
An artist had such a great veneration
For his music that when her
Part Alto sang high
He'd sit down and cry—
This really remarkable Tenor.
Quintessence of musical grace
Was a gentleman doing the bass;
Who said: "Should a liar
Speak ill of our choir,
I'd slap that incompetent's face."
'Gainst a pounder of pedals (not Morgan)
The rest of the choir a war 'gan,
Because he insists
On using both fists
And both heels when he tortures the organ.
The smallest of musical fellows,
Whose artistic pumping quite mellows
The organ's loud tone,
Said: "The credit alone
Is due to the boy at the bellows."

JOHN ALBRO.

TOO LUCKY.

THE CONFESSION OF A SEMI-SUICIDE.

IHAVE never yet succeeded in anything which I undertook. In various things which I have not undertaken, I have succeeded beyond my wildest dreams—succeeded more than was of any particular use to me.

When I was twelve years of age, I did not succeed in getting the Newton pippins of my neighbor's apple-tree; but I did succeed in falling about a yard down the throat of the same neighbor's bull-dog, who was a healthy animal, devoted to his business.

Later in life, I tried to make a living. I did not succeed. I then tried to make a dying. I did not succeed in that, either—but let me not anticipate. If I set out to anticipate, I should not succeed in even that simple task.

Suffice it to say—it has got to suffice, anyway—that some time ago, I found myself without ten dollars—nay, ten cents, and with no prospect of earning five cents. I might, it is true, have borrowed; but I never had the courage to be a beat. The contemptuous kindness of the friends on whom you are a pensioner calls for an amount of callousness of which I frankly own myself incapable. I should lick the man on whom I sponged, inside of a month.

So that my condition, financially, was hopeless. I was rich only in love, and my wealth in that line consisted solely of a large stock of the article lying unclaimed upon my hands.

The lovely daughter of Buckthorne Billington, Esq., of Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, did not return my love. Nay, I malign her; she did return it, at the command of her papa. I called on her on New Year's day; and I made an impression on her tender heart; but my name was never placed on the list of the giddy who threaded the mazy in her father's palatial. When I learned that her papa supervised that list, and looked up the income of every marriageable man on it, I understood the reason. He might have looked up my income indefinitely, without finding it. I had no chance of becoming his son-in-law. He collected China, Postage-Stamps, and Antiquities; but he did not collect poor and virtuous sons-in-law. Under these harrowing circumstances, there was clearly but one thing left for me to do. That was to kill myself. To be disappointed

in love and to be in urgent need of five cents ought to be enough to disgust any man with life. It made me sick—especially the five cents part.

I went out and swopped my hat for a pistol. It was an even thing which was the older, the hat or the pistol. I thought, myself, the hat rather had it; but I did not succeed even in swindling the pawnbroker of whom I got that weapon of death.

When I returned to my room I sat down upon my trunk and reviewed the situation. The trunk was the only article of furniture in the room. I call it an article of furniture, because it certain was not a luxury of travel. It had no bottom. Partly from this reason, which limited its saleable value, and partly from old associations, I had determined to keep it by me to the last, and used it for a chair. I remembered that I was a small man, and would make a small corpse, and that something more than my pulseless person must be provided for the members of the Coroner's jury who could not find room on me.

I sat on my trunk and, as I say, reviewed the situation. I also reviewed the pistol. I observed, with a certain amount of disgust, that it was an old flint and steel affair. Even in suicide, it is always pleasanter to be up to the fashion. I should have preferred a Colt's new pattern. But, after all, it was of little moment. I had bargained for a load of powder and ball—on the pretext of cats. Naught more was essential.

I was gazing at the pistol with a morbid interest, and speculating upon the depreciative mention it was likely to receive in the newspaper notices of the morrow, when there came a knock at my door—a knock merely preliminary to the knocking visitor's free-and easy entrance.

He looked like the kind of man that would do that sort of thing. He was about six feet four inches high; he had a large beard, a highly tanned complexion, and was generally western in appearance. He wore a slouch hat, a broadcloth coat and black trousers, and was generally too Bret Hartish for the taste of a civilized man on the verge of suicide.

"How 're ye feelin'?" he asked me, in a cheerful and friendly way.

I did not wish to enter into a discussion of my psychic sensations, so I told him I was well.

"I follered ye up the street," was his next remark. Near as I was to death, I felt my blood curdle. However much a man may be determined to commit suicide, it makes all the difference in the world who is going to do the slaughtering. I felt, at that moment, that I could suicide for myself much better than any one else could suicide for me; and I didn't want the job spoiled.

He noticed my alarm, and re-assured me.

"Oh, that's all right, stranger," he said: "I ain't got nothin' agin ye—fur from it. My intentions is strictly peaceable, and, so-to-speak, kim-mercial."

"Commercial?" said I.

"Yaas," he assented, "kinder kim-mercial. I'm on the buy."

I looked around my room.

"I, personally, am not for sale," I said; "and if you want to purchase this trunk, it is but simple honesty on my part to tell you that the bottom does not go with it. It went off by itself some years ago."

"I don't want to buy no trunk," replied the stranger, contemptuously.

"Then what in heaven's name *do* you want to buy?" I cried.

"I want," said he: "I want to buy that there pistol."

[To be continued.]

PUCK ON WHEELS!

CAUSE AND (IMMEDIATE) EFFECT.

A LITTLE STORY WITH A BIG MORAL—FOR THE LADIES.

A Paterson (N. J.) woman, while house-cleaning the other day, came across "a package of black-looking stuff," which she accepted for lampblack and pitched incontinently into a burning stove. It was but the work of an instant, and yet that Paterson woman was never so confoundedly and completely used up by any house-cleaning job previously undertaken. The stove disappeared suddenly with a loud report—one part going directly "up chimney," and the others out of the windows and through the roof. Indeed, the house itself manifested a disposition to go—a-fishing or otherwise; and judging by the smoke evoked from the inner contents of the "package of black-looking stuff" which wasn't lampblack, one might have imagined General Grant in the vicinity. All of which goes to show for what purpose the natural instinct called "woman's curiosity" was implanted in the feminine breast, and how the failure to exercise it may sometimes lead to disaster!

THE "OLD (AND FAMILIAR) GUARD."

The "Old Guard"—Napoleon's "Old Guard," the ever-faithful and ever-recurring—has turned up again, this time in Michigan, and has been made, as usual, the subject of historic and patriotic investigation by the flowery and fantastic reporter. The "Old Guard," like the Sea-Serpent, the Wandering Jew, General Washington's Body Servant, the Ghost of Banquo and the Assaulted William Patterson, will not down, rough shoo him how you will. He has become, in fact, the abstract chronicle of the age. It is unnecessary to follow up *in extenso* the great and glorious career of this aged guardian of the Tri-Color (at least not through the mazy windings of the interminable reporter), because the whole story has been told and retold so explicitly and so often as to render the historic side of it perfectly familiar to the least observing. Should further information be insisted upon by the superlatively uninformed, the work of the late lamented John S. C. Abbott, historian *par exemple*, if not *par autorité*, may be cited as a reference. Art is long and space unlimited—in that direction. There is, however, one point in the present reporter's narrative that seems worthy of reproduction. He says: "When the 'Old Guard' is aroused in the morning, he exclaims '*Vive l'Empereur*,' and then goes to sleep again." All of which is touching to consider and beautiful to hear. And it goes to show, moreover, the superior quality of Napoleon's "Old Guard," as contrasted with the New Guard of France—Gambetta's Guard, for example. When the latter is aroused in the morning, he (generally) exclaims, "*Donnez-moi un verre de Vermouth avec bitters!*"—and then doesn't go to sleep again; but remains awake and takes another. Alas, for the good, the beautiful and the true age of Bonapartism! It is to be feared that, in passing, the only relic it has vouchsafed us is the ubiquitous and trustworthy "Old Guard."

CONVENTION CAPACITY.

The upland meads, athirst with weeks of sun,
Absorb the rain fast pouring from above:
My thirsting heart has room for all that One
Can give me of the bounty of her love:
The desert sands swallow the sudden showers,
That feed the small oases' palm and date—
But what are these to thy absorbent powers,
O Delegate?

CERTAIN DANGEROUS TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN LIFE.

I.—TOO MUCH PREVIOUSNESS.

AS our country is not very old, it may not seem improper that our people should be somewhat new, but, when we consider that the United States are bounded on three sides by salt water, it must be admitted that our people are decidedly fresh.

A certain amount of previousness is of course to be commended; but the trouble with the American people is that their tendency is to be altogether too previous. Often in riding through New England have I been asked my name, my address, my destination, my wife's name, my own age, my children's age, where I bought my store-teeth, whose hair-dye I used, and whether I had been vaccinated on the arm or leg—all by some one individual.

It must be admitted that it is natural for men and women to be inquisitive; but I think most observers will admit that the American people are becoming too fresh in their inquiries. In preparing these essays I have been compelled to ask many delicate questions of individuals, and I have sometimes feared that I might have been somewhat too previous myself; but, of course, when the great public is to be informed, individuals must submit to freshness on the part of a writer.

II.—TOO MUCH JO. KOOKISM.

It cannot harm our people to read Emerson's works, because no one but a Boston girl of numerous years can comprehend his remarks. I do not even see that it can hurt anybody to attend the sessions of the summer college at Concord.

Of course it may happen that on certain constitutions the lectures may have the same effect as an over-indulgence in lobster just before retiring to bed has; that is, may bring into one's bedroom that mare which is abroad only at night. The great majority of the hearers, however, will wonder what the mischief the whole business means, and will return calmly to their homes, and eat

their hash with their knives and drink their tea out of their saucers with as much complacency as if the great centre of culture did not exist.

Jo. Kookism is a little different from Concord philosophy. The Grand Mogul of that system sometimes makes an effort to be understood, and occasionally he does become intelligible. It is that which makes an over-indulgence in Jo. Kookism dangerous. If a person saw the statements of this Grand Mogul in the Encyclopedias or Concordances, from which the prophet has dug them, such person might suppose they were part of the world's stock of information; but, when those statements are placed in the prophet's books, the not over-strong-minded people who read those books are liable to be misled into supposing that they are grand discoveries made by the gigantic intellect of the prophet.

Another danger of Jo. Kookism is that it is too grasping. There seems to be scarcely a

subject upon which its dogmatic utterances have not been made, and there is great danger that it will not even leave Ingersoll the subject of hell. So aggressive is it that the prophet has threatened the St. Botolphians with his wrath, because they will offer the stranger with their gates a cooling draught of beer.

III.—WRITING THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.

A moderate indulgence in that sort of business can, of course, be objected to by no one; but the tendency seems to be to do it too much. Almost every woman who can spell starts out to write the great American novel. To be sure most of them fizzle out when they have written the title page, but some produce thousands of pages of stuff which seems to be cut off with the scissors in lengths fit for a volume; and some murder the novels of distinguished foreign authors by rendering them into English, and then pose before admiring don-

keys as novelists. These scribblers of adaptations (as they call them) usually spread their names in large type on the title page, and hide the real author's name in small pica.

Most "literary fellows" also find it necessary to try their hands at writing the great American novel. In fact, if advertisements can be believed, that novel has been written thousands and thousands of times. Every new novel is advertised as the great American novel, either directly or suggestively. Why, every one of a series, containing a number of volumes, was pushed upon the public as the great American novel; and yet—well, the series is still increasing.

The truth is that the publishers ought to club together and hire some fellow to write the great American novel. Then, if they were all interested in it, they could insist that it was the real article, whether the public liked it or not. It would prove a great blessing to the community; it would save the American people from a tendency to over-indulgence in writing the American novel, which every observer must admit is dangerous not only to the writer, but especially to the readers.

TOM PAINE No. 2.



"THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE BIBLE AFTER ALL!"

A POET'S EXPLANATION.



Of all the criticisms in the journals, not a few
Say my ode on Spring lacks feeling and expres-
sion, which is true;
But critics will excuse the verse, when I assign the reason
That, though the poem was on Spring, I wrote it out of
season!

For it was in the Winter that my much abused Spring lay
Was ordered for the issue of a magazine in May,
And, though I strove to gather my poetic wits together,
I could not write with feeling, for my thoughts were of
the weather.

How could I picture gentle Spring with all the wealth of
flowers,
Its gushing rills, melodious birds, and green and shady
bowers,
When the subject seemed a mockery, and anything but
pleasing,
With the mercury past zero, and the water-pipes all
freezing?

MALCOLM DOUGLASS.

HOW THE CALIPH TURNED
OVER A NEW LEAF.

A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand four
hundred and twenty the good Caliph
Hassa Levelhed reigned over the land of
Nujarseh, in the kingdom of Persia.

The Caliph was a wise ruler, and was held in
high esteem by his subjects. No political boom
was abroad in the land, seeking whom it might
demoralize, but a vague, mysterious shadow of
gloom seemed to hover over the people, and
the cause thereof puzzled the wisest heads in
Nujarseh.

On the morning of the new year in the first
quarter of the fifteenth century the Caliph was
up betimes, and pleasantly greeted his Grand
Vizier, Guhdeg, with a formal "Happy New
Year!"

"The same to you, and many returns of the
day, Commander of the Faithful," returned the
Vizier.

Whereupon the Caliph touched a silver bell
and a slave entered bearing a golden tray
laden with a dessert of sweetmeats, choice
fruits, and wines of rare vintage.

Over the dessert the Caliph and his Vizier
discussed various plans whereby the people of
Nujarseh might be restored to their wonted
cheerfulness. The Vizier imbibed liberally of
the wine, but the Caliph drank sparingly, and
soon relapsed into a profound meditation.
Suddenly he started to his feet and exclaimed:

"Now, by Allah! I have it!" And, slapping
his Vizier on the back, he added: "I will turn
over a new leaf this very day!"

He then drew a gilt-edged vellum-bound diary
from his inside coat-pocket and made several
entries therein. Dismissing his Vizier, he sum-
moned a slave and bade him bring in the morn-
ing paper. The Caliph turned first to the
humorous column, and, as he read, the pleased
expression faded out of his countenance and
incontinently his face assumed a look of min-
gled pain and anger. Throwing the paper aside,
and pulling his beard, he cried aloud:

"Now, by the Prophet's eyebrow! this is
altogether too considerable! Here's that silver-
haired, toothless and pre-Adamiite pun, 'Of
corset is,' followed by a 'Who ever saw' atrocity!
Reform is necessary!"

He then clapped his hands thrice and
shouted: "What, ho! without there, slaves!"

Two stalwart blacks answered the summons,
and the Caliph, pointing to the offending jour-
nal, commanded:

"Get thee hence to the office of the Meridian
Sun, arrest and bring hither the myrmidon who
perpetrated this blood-curdling outrage, and
behead him as the expiring rays of the setting
sun linger on the mountain peaks!"

The Caliph's severe but eminently just order
was promptly executed, and the hoary "Of
corset is" pun was seen in the press of Nujarseh
no more forever.

And great was the joy thereat.

The Caliph was highly pleased with the ini-
tial step taken to restore confidence and a more
hopeful feeling among his people; and, after
making an entry in his diary, he visited the
Royal Circus, attended by four eunuchs. When
the clown waltzed into the ring and rattled off
a wrinkled and spectacted joke, the Caliph
gritted his teeth, but succeeded in smothering
the volcano of wrath rising in his bosom, until
the following ancient and insanity-producing
dialogue between the clown and the ringmaster
was sprung upon the good-natured audience.

Clown.—"That's a fine hoss, Mr. Fahpah."

Ringmaster.—"Yes, that's a splendid animal,
Mr. Merrimahn. He's a thoroughbred."

Clown.—"I once owned a hoss, but he wasn't
a thoroughbred."

Ringmaster.—"Well, what kind of a hoss was
he, Mr. Merrimahn?"

Clown.—"He was a gingerbread hoss!"

Then the exasperated Caliph made precipi-
tous haste from the Only Greatest Show on Earth,
with a savage glare in his eyes. He passed a
nightmare-ish night, and at daybreak ordered
the clown to be brought before him. The
accused begged for mercy—promised to never
offend again; but the Caliph was inexorable,
and the purveyor of ancient jokes was led into
the court-yard and flayed alive, amid the
plaudits of ten thousand people.

And the "gingerbread horse" aggravation
regaled the ears of circus-goers in Nujarseh
never again.

One sultry morning in June, as the Caliph
was proceeding to the bath, his ears were
saluted with an air from "Pinafore," vigorously
whistled by a Socialist who sat on a dry-goods
box at a street corner. The Caliph stopped
and asked him if he ever thought of the other
hearts that must ache by being compelled to
hear that tune. "Hardly ever," replied the
Socialist. Whereupon the Caliph struck him
heavily on the right cheek with the flat side of
his scimitar, shivering the weapon into a thou-
sand fragments. The offender was then seized
and transported for life, and the people of Nu-
jarseh, in the land of Persia, rejoiced over the
elimination of the Pinafore fiend, and peti-
tioned the Caliph to appoint a day of thanks-
giving and praise.

After performing his ablutions, the Caliph
returned to his palace, feeling in a very pleasant
mood. There was a marked improvement for
the better in his subjects since the opening of
the New Year, and he resolved to continue on
that line if it consumed all summer.

While enjoying a narghileh on the front pi-
azza, over which the fragrant *caprifolium pericy-
menum* entwined, with a slave at his left shoul-
der swinging a fan of liberal proportions and
curious workmanship, the Caliph abandoned
himself to pleasant meditations. As he smoked
and blew vapory wreaths overhead, a neighbor
came along mopping his heated brow with a
bandanna, and, upon seeing the Caliph, pro-
pounded the maddening query:

"Is it hot enough for you?"

The Caliph was on his feet in an instant, and
exclaimed: "Great Spoons! This is the four
hundredth time I have been asked that question
to-day!" Then, turning to his slave, he said:
"Seize the base catiff, and throw him into the
deepest dungeon the castle moat affords!"
And ten minutes later the weather-conundrum
fiend was loaded with chains and thrown into a
dark pit, where he perished by starvation.

When the better class of the people of Nujar-
seh were apprised of this sensible act of their
ruler, they experienced a feeling of profound
gratification, and flooded the palace with costly
presents.

One morning Hassa Levelhed directed his
foolsteps in the direction of Eden Park and
took a seat under the inviting branches of a
date-tree. A stranger approached and threw
himself carelessly on the sward beside the Caliph.
The stranger wore a very low forehead and a
dollar-store gold watch-chain. He soon entered
into a conversation with the Caliph, and the
latter was saying that he "never saw a more
beautiful collection of—" when the stranger
broke in with,

"When I was at the Centen—"

He never finished the sentence.

The Caliph uttered a wild, despairing cry,
and his two slaves, who were a little distance
away flirting with a nurse-maid, rushed forward,
seized the stranger, at a motion from their
master, and the Centennial bore's death was
remarkably sudden. He didn't have time to
get off any "last words" for the press.

The Caliph was more and more gratified
with the result of his turning over a new leaf
on the first of the year, and he made several
more entries in his diary. In the evening
he attended the performance given by the
Mastodon-Giganteum-Megatherium Minstrels
—"their first appearance—eight end-men—
and everything new." The jokes in the first
part recalled to the Caliph the happy days of
his childhood, when he abstracted his mother's
brass preserving-kettle and bartered it for the
purpose of acquiring funds to pay his way into
the Oriental Minstrels, who boasted of fewer
end-men, but more originality. The Caliph
winced where one of the end-men attempted
to spell "stove-pipe," and the "heir apparent,
hairy parent, and no hair apparent" conun-
drum raised him six inches off his seat. But
he repressed his feelings and waited for the
overt act. It soon came. When "Billy," the
tambourinist and the interlocutor worried
through the somnolent rigmarole about "re-
moving the dilapidated linen from off the
Shrubbery," and "Is your maternal parent
aware of your absence?" etc., the Caliph fainted
dead away. He was immediately removed to
his palace, amid great excitement, and put to
bed, where he raved in a delirious manner all
night, imaging at intervals that Joemillah, an
ancient Persian punster, long since gathered to
his fathers, was torturing him with conundrums
and jokes two thousand years old.

On the following afternoon, during a re-
hearsal in the Royal Opera House, a keg of nitro-
glycerine was exploded under the stage, and
the Mastodon-Giganteum-Megatherium Min-
strels made their farewell appearance, some of
them appearing in more than a dozen pieces.
And the Nujarsehites fired cannon, rang bells,
and gave vent to the existence of their joy in
divers noisy methods.

When the Caliph recovered from his nervous
prostration, he disguised himself as a wood
merchant and went about the streets doing
good. In less than two months the man who
told whopping snake stories down at the grocery
was quieted forever; the mother-in-law, mule,
eggs-travagant, and "I-don't-care-Adam" para-
graphers passed away via the Guillotine; pro-
fessional pedestrians and fraudulent, boasting
oarsmen were exiled for life; lightning rod
peddlers and chromo venders met untimely
deaths, and many other blighting evils and op-
pressive nuisances were swept from Nujarseh.

And henceforth the people were happy: the
crops were abundant; money was plenty at four
per cent., and no bonus; and there was great
rejoicing throughout the city on the anniversary
of the day when the Caliph resolved to turn
over a new leaf.

J. H. W.

PUCK ON WHEELS!





PRINCE KANTSCHUKOFF.



THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

CHICAGO, June 6th, 1880.

THE Minister of the Czar of Holy Russia persuaded me to come here to see how these Americans appoint their Czar. I did not expect to be in the country long enough to witness these barbarous proceedings; but I am here, and sick at heart at what I have beheld. Great Saint Nicholas! to think that I should live to countenance such goings-on by my presence!

But still my memories were not altogether unpleasant. I thought of dear, good old Russia, and the awful contrast to the American attempt at government afforded me a melancholy satisfaction.

In this benighted country, every mere laborer or shopkeeper has something to say about public affairs. The creature is allowed to do what is called vote—that is to say, he is allowed to have a voice in electing public servants and legislators.

Is it not monstrous? Ha! ha! It causes me to laugh. Just imagine for a moment some of my old, crawling serfs presuming to interfere in the government of Russia! The idea is rich—but ridiculous.

Well, I am at this Chicago—a murrain on these unpronounceable American names—and it is a most difficult thing to find out what is being done.

The city, which presents a fair appearance—but nothing like our own St. Petersburg or Moscow—is full of a lot of excited boors; to each one of whom, from his appearance, I should like to administer the knout, or transport him to Siberia.

They meet in a large hall, and howl and yell and roar. I understand this awful English language well, but I cannot make out what they say.

I am told that the men I see before me are from all the provinces of the country, and that they are sent here by the inhabitants of each province. They make orations; they all but fight. Then they vote; but not until they have discussed all sorts of trivial questions as to whether they are the right men or the wrong men.

At last a Czar and Deputy Czar are chosen. And then a sensible man would imagine that the objects of the mob-meeting were accomplished.

But not so. A struggle has to ensue. Another mob-meeting takes place later in another city, and a quite different set of howling American subjects meet and also elect a Czar and a Deputy Czar.

Then, months afterwards, whichever Czar has the majority of votes, rules America for four years. Four years! Bah! He might as well rule it for five minutes.

I should just like to show these people how a country ought to be governed. By the sacred Saint Peter, I'd make it hot for them!

There should be no legislators, no voting, no firebrands of newspapers; but plenty of knout, plenty of soldiers and bayonets, plenty of

Alaska and Siberia. And I'd even submit to plenty of Nihilists, to amuse myself with political executions occasionally.

But my will, my mandate, should be supreme, as it is now with our Holy Czar—whom Heaven bless.

KANTSCHUKOFF.

A LEAF FROM THE CENSUS.

THE sheet whose contents we print below was picked up in South Fifth Avenue, near Houston St., where it had evidently been dropped by the census-taker. While, of course, it proves nothing, it cannot but arouse a faint suspicion that M. Victor Hugo is paying, in private, his long-promised visit to the metropolis of the West.

U. S. CENSUS—1880.

No., Houston St.

V. H.

Q.—What is your Color—White, Black, Mulatto, Chinese or Indian? A. *Oui, monsieur, je suis blanc; mais la femme du méchant boulanger a un œil noir.*

What is your Sex?—*Je suis un homme, mais l'aïeule du bon charcutier est une femme.*

What is your Age?—*Je suis somewhere about seventy or eighty; mais les immortels sont toujours jeunes.*

Are you Married?—*Oui, monsieur, je suis marié; trop condamné marié.*

What is your Profession, Trade or Occupation?—*Je suis Poète et Père de Famille; et mon oncle est charpentier.*

Are you Blind, Deaf, Dumb, Idiotic, Insane, Maimed, Crippled, Bed-ridden or Otherwise Disabled?—*Non, monsieur, je ne suis pas none of 'em, par un long coup-d'œil; mais le petit enfant du grand soldat a la chandelle de ma belle-sœur.*

Can you Read or Write?—*Non; mais il fait chaud aujourd'hui.*

Who is your Hatter?—*Mon cocher a l'adresse.*

Will you take Something?—*Vous pouvez bien parier votre douce vie.*

THE THEATRES.

The gentleman who wears a "J" at the end of his name is announced to play at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL on Tuesday, June 22nd. We fondly hoped that Mr. Wilhelmj, following the example of civilized Chinamen, would have cut off the pigtail of his name; but he has not done so. We fear Mr. W's is a bad case.

A play is being performed at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. It is called "Hazel Kirke," and is by Mr. Steele Mackaye. We like to be particular about figures, and will therefore remark, *en passant* (French), that the drama has been played somewhere in the neighborhood of 140 times, and this, too, with the disadvantages of a double stage and a curtain that is altogether too beautiful for a theatre.

The METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL may be called the up-town Koster & Bial's. It is light, chaste and airy in ornamentation, well ventilated, and is nightly crowded with the *bon ton, crème de la crème*, upper ten, aristocracy, nobility, gentry of New York, with occasionally an Alderman and a Congressman thrown in. The music is agreeable—although Mr. Aronson has something to learn before he can become a first-class conductor. The beer is not quite up to the mark; but that can easily be remedied by patronizing some other brewer. The promenade and the seats on the roof of the building are a great luxury, and will be duly appreciated on hot summer nights.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Answers for the Anxious.

S. R. BURGESS.—You do us proud.

HASELTINE.—See that they don't leave her out in the Census.

D. E. S., 55.—You are in the business, and the horrors of this column are not for you. Communicate without fear.

D. I. SPEPS.—Do not write rhythmic apostrophes to Pie. Show your admiration for the article by eating it. Then you will spare some weary editor the unpleasant task of killing you.

J. L. G.—s.—If you have been insulted by a man who weighs decidedly more than you do, there are two things for you to do; and two only. You can bear it with Christian fortitude, or you can hire a still heavier man to show him the error of his ways.

J. C.—The bottom is out of the mining swindle; the people are well-warned, and those who bite now at the speculators' hooks are simply gudgeons who are bound to get themselves landed in some way or other—it makes but little difference which. Still, we are obliged to you for your suggestion, and shall be glad to hear from you again when you have any remarks to make.

J. B. C., Rye, N. Y.—Your "Blaine's Lamentation" is too weirdly wonderful in point of metrical construction to be safely read by an unprepared public. If we were to print it, we should have to assume some moral responsibility for the death of the hapless readers who would surely get lost in the mystic labyrinth of its heterogeneous feet and its tangled rhymes, and that is too much to ask of us.

H. A., Beaver, Pa.—Your inclosure arrived too late to be of any real use to us. We are sorry for this, because the tone of your note is polite and decent, and a pleasing change from the epistle of the average candidate for literary honors; who believes that nothing but prejudice, ignorance or jealousy can account for the waste-basketting of his contribution, and hints at the fact, in sulphurous language.

J. A. W. P.—You ask us a curious question:

PITTSBURGH, May 28th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please answer in your next issue. Did Keppler or Wales get up the 15 Conkling Puzzle to decide a Bet?

Yours,

J. A. W. P.

Of course they did *not* get it up to decide a bet. We do not approve of betting; and it would be foolish to draw a cartoon for such a purpose.

R. HOLMES, Effingham, Ill.—You may have thought it very funny to play an old, witless trick on a poor devil of your acquaintance; but it wasn't funny, and the readers of PUCK couldn't laugh at your account of it; for they are people of heart and sense, and know that practical jokes must be very clever and very innocent to make them even tolerable. You didn't even invent yours; you used the stupidity of some idle person who lived a generation ago, and who probably got, and certainly deserved, a kicking for his pains.

W. W. H.—We reprint your letter—

EASTERN OFFICE KELLOGG'S LISTS.
Established 1865.
New York, June 3d, '80.

Dear PUCK:—

Permit me to say that I think your remarks on the Political Infux at Chicago are sound.

I would deem it an honor to shake hands with you.

You say what you mean, and it is quite evident you mean what you say; don't blush, you ought to be able to stand a few complimentary words by this time. You certainly deserve them.

Yesterday I rec'd the following message from a friend in Chicago: "Town full of Politicians and Bummern. God help us! They are a hard lot, and each one has his little axe to grind."

I could not help thinking how this message verified your statement as to the class of people who have gone there.

W. W. H.

And will simply say that the information which you get from this paper is of a straight and solid nature, for the benefit of the reader, and no one else.

The Crown Tooth Brushes clean and polish the teeth. Bristles warranted not to come out.

GENUINE Brown's Ginger

such as we knew in the Nursery. **TAKE NO OTHER.** Remember! There are **MANY** Counterfeits and Imitations.

FREDERICK BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA.

A. FRANKFIELD & CO.,
JEWELERS.
FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.
DIAMONDS & JEWELS.
Corner 14th Street & 6th Ave.



CAUTION.
To insure obtaining the genuine Apollinaris, see that the corks bear the Apollinaris brand.

NURSERY RHYMES.

There once was a Union Springs blower,
Who reckoned himself a boss rower,
But what between spills,
Wires, saws, and such ills,
His colors he oft had to lower.

There now is another called Riley,
The hinge of whose tongue is too 'iley,
In his own estimation
He "can lick all creation,"
But others don't hold him so highly.

A "boy" whom they termed little "Ed."
Put on both of these duffers "a head;"
Or rather a scull—
And they're now feeling dull—
Riley's moaning and Courtney's in bed.
— Poet of the Potomac, in *Toronto Grip*.

AN Aberdeen doctor has discovered that *phamnus frangula* is a good substitute for *rhamnus catharticus*. This will be pleasant news for children—those who understand the language. *Norristown Herald*.

"CATS can't live at a greater elevation than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea." But people can't put up buildings anywhere near that high, so the best thing is to tie a dog on the roof.—*Boston Post*.

SHE had asked him to explain what is meant by the unit rule, and, being a young man well posted upon political topics, he was able to do so. Next she artlessly asked, "Isn't it nearly time for us to try the unit rule?" And it was nearly thirty seconds before that young man realized that she had taken a leap-year advantage and popped the question.—*Phila. Chronicle Herald*.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

25 beautiful Fancy Cards, splendidly assorted, will be sent upon receipt of 25c. **MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN,**
21-25 Warren St., New York.

It's as sweet as love, it's as pure as gold,
It's made of leaf, both mild and old,
For sixteen years it has stood the test
And Smokers say it is the **VERY BEST**.
Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco.

Singing Pinafore.

A patient had four teeth extracted at Dr. Colton's, in the Cooper Institute, and, on awaking, exclaimed, "Didn't I hear somebody singing 'Pinafore!'" The most delicate and feeble can take the as, as it exhilarates instead of depressing. We have given it to 14,000 patients, at this writing, without an accident. We never supply other dentists with our gas.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations! BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1029, 78 John St., N. Y.

DOCUTA CAPSULETS.
Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Recent or Chronic. They will cure any recent case in seven days. The word **Docuta** is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsulets (small size) 75 cents. Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by **DUNDAS DICK & CO.,** 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

ANGOSTURA LIQUEUR,

The finest and purest sweet Cordial in existence.

Prepared by **Dr. J. G. B. NIEGERT & SONS,**
The manufacturers of the world renowned

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

J. H. HANCOX, Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. HURD'S NEURALGIA PLASTER MAILED ON THE RECEIPT of 25 cents. Address **Dr. HURD,** 32 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Postage Stamps Received.



**LONDON
HARNESS AGENCY,**
124 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 17th and 18th Streets, New York.

E. M. EARLE

Invites attention to his Spring importation of **LONDON (WEST END) HARNESS**, made of the best Oak-Tanned Leather, and Mountings in **SILVER**, plated by hand on German Silver. Mountings in **BRASS** are solid, warranted to outwear anything made in this country.

MR. EARLE is prepared to furnish a set of **SINGLE, DOUBLE, TANDEM or FOUR-IN-HAND** Harness, suitable for any style or weight of carriage. He will execute orders in three days, sending the Harness home, with Crests or Monograms, ready for use, and will guarantee satisfaction.

Saddles, Bridles, Horse Clothing, Driving Aprons of cloth to match lining of carriages, for gentlemen and coachmen, and Stable Furnishing Goods, Coachmen's Top Boots, Collars, Scarfs, and Liveries, all of the latest style and best material and workmanship, at much lower prices than are charged by City manufacturers for Interior.

Greenfield's

909 BROADWAY, near 20th St.

Delicious Fresh

CANDIES

sent to any part of the country on receipt of money. One Dollar per pound. Express prepaid.

**J. LUDOVICI'S
STUDIO**

AND
**PHOTOGRAPHIC
GALLERY,**

**CRAYON PORTRAITS
A SPECIALTY.**

889 BROADWAY, Corner 19th Street.
THOMAS LORD.

JULES MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNES.

Introduced in America in 1852.
The genuine Jules Mumm has a black necklabel bearing the inscription "JULES MUMM & CO., REIMS," in gold letters.
The corks are also branded with full firm name.

THE CELEBRATED
KRONTHAL



Natural
Mineral
Water,



which received First Prize and Gold Medal at Munich 1879, as the most wholesome and most palatable table water for daily use.

L. SOMBORN & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
12 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.



FRASH & CO.

10 Barclay St., New York.

CHAMPAGNE,

"Continental" Brand.

In cases, quarts.....\$7.00
" pints.....\$8.00
" cocktails, 100 bottles.....\$7.00
A suitable discount to the trade.

TEN CENTS A GLASS.

Champagne Pavillon at Coney Island, opposite New Iron Pier and adjoining West Brighton Beach Hotel.
Also Cal. Hock, Claret, Angelica, Sherry and Brandy.

THE PUREST CHAMPAGNE



IMPORTED IN THE U. S.

L. DE VENOGÉ,
87 South William Street, New York.
GENERAL AGENT.
For Sale by all the Principal Wine Merchants and Grocers.

Schmitt & Koehne, Central Park Brewery
and
BOTTLING COMPANY.

Brewery, Bottling Department and Office 150-165 East 59th Street. Ice-house and Rock-vaults, 56th and 57th Street, Ave. A, and East River, N. Y.
BOHEMIAN- AND LAGER-BEER

The finest Beer for family use. The best Shipping Beer in bottles, warranted to keep in any climate for months and years.

MANHATTAN BREWERY,

942-944 Ninth Avenue.

BOTTLING DEPARTMENT,

946 Ninth Avenue, New York.

MICHAEL GROH,

Manager.

RECENT POST OFFICE RULES.

Eggs must be sent when new.
Feather-beds are not mailable.
A pair of onions will go for two cents.
Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail.

Over three pounds of real estate are not mailable.

A stamp of the foot is not sufficient to carry a letter.

As all postmasters are expert linguists, the address can be written in Chinese, Choctaw, or any other language.

It is unsafe to mail apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them, as some of the clerks have a weakness for such things.

Parties are compelled to lick their own postage-stamps and envelopes; the postmaster cannot be compelled to do this.

Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at risk of sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hands he cannot be held responsible.

It is earnestly requested that lovers writing to their girls, will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of the envelope.

Parties are earnestly requested not to send postal-cards with money orders inclosed, as large sums are frequently lost in that way.

When eggs are sent through the mails and chickens are hatched out on the journey, the chickens become the property of the government.

Spring chickens that are old enough to vote, when sent by mail, should be enclosed in iron-bound boxes to save their tender bodies from injury.

When watches are sent through the mails, if the sender will put a notice on the outside, the postmasters will wind it up and keep it in running order.

When letters are received bearing no direction, the parties to whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster, that he may at once forward.

Ducks cannot be sent through the mails when alive. Their quacking would disturb the slumbers of the clerks on the postal cars. This rule, however, does not apply to a "duck" of a bonnet.

Young ladies who desire to send their Saratoga trunks by mail to watering places during the coming summer should notify the postmaster-general at once. They must not be over seven feet long by thirteen feet high.—*Ponkers Gazette.*

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Carl H. Schultz's
Carbonic
Selters & Vichy.

860 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE THREE STANDARD TABLE WATERS.

Highly Sparkling and absolutely pure.
Unsurpassed as diluents for wines and liquors.
The favorite table drink of a host of families, including over two hundred of the principal physicians.
For sale in all hotels, clubs, wine rooms and drug stores.
Shipped in boxes of 50 large bottles to all parts of the country.

G. H. MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNE.

IMPORTATION IN 1879,

49,312 CASES,

OR

22,526 Cases MORE

than of any other brand.

CAUTION.—Beware of imposition or mistakes, owing to the great similarity of caps and labels, under which inferior brands of Champagne are sold.

In ordering G. H. MUMM & CO.'S Champagne, see that the labels and corks bear its name and initials.

FRED'K. DE BARY & CO.,

New York,

Sole Agents in the U. S. and Canadas.

RUNK & UNGER,

No. 50 PARK PLACE,

Sole Agents for

Ayala-Château d'Ay

CHAMPAGNES.

TAUNUS NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

Dietrich & Co., Ruedesheim, Rhine Wines.

L. Tampil & Co., Bordeaux, Clarets.

Roulet & Delamain, Cognacs,

etc., etc.

GENUINE

VICHY!

HAUTERIVE } For Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel,
OR
CELESTINS } Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.
GRANDE GRILLE } Diseases of the Liver.
HAUTERIVE } Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.
HOPITAL

The Springs are owned by the French Government, and the waters are bottled under its supervision.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS WINE MERCHANTS, DRUGGISTS, AND GROCERS, OR WHOLESALE FROM THE AGENTS, BOUCHE, FILS & CO.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT OF

EUROPEAN MINERAL WATERS.

Apollinaris, Hunyadi, Carlsbad, Ems, Friedrichshall, Gieshübler, Homburg, Kronthal, Kissingen, Marienbad, Pülsna, Schwalbach, Selters, Taunus, Vichy, Birmensdorf, Wilhelms-Quelle and fifty others.

DEPOT FOR ALL AMERICAN WATERS.
Bottlers of KINGLER'S New York, Cincinnati, Toledo and Milwaukee Beer. Agents for

GEORGE HOEHL, Geisenheim, Rhine Wines.

TH. LAMARQUE & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets.

DUBOIS FRÈRE & CAGNON, Cognac, Brandy.

P. SCHERER & CO.,

49 Barclay Street, New York.

DRY IN ROGERS' POWDER
CITRATE OF MAGNESIA

An Agreeable Aperient and Refrigerant.
This well-known preparation is highly recommended for **Dyspepsia, Headache, Sickness of the Stomach,** and all complaints arising from **Acidity, Bileousness,** and **Malarial Fevers.** It cools the blood and regulates the bowels. It is a favorite medicine for children. Prepared by A. ROGERS'S SONS, Chemists, 281 Bleecker Street, New York.

For Sale by all Druggists.

CALENBERG & VAUPEL
ESTABLISHED 1858.
PIANOS
MANUFACTORY AND WAREHOUSES,
333 & 335 West 36th St., N. Y.

SOEMER

PIANOS.

Superior to all others in Tone, Durability, and Workmanship; have the endorsement of the Leading Artists. First Medal of Merit and Diploma of Honor at Centennial Exhibition. Reduced Prices. Cash or Time.
Schmer & Co., 149 E. 14th St., N. Y.

HE WAS LIABLE TO SNEEZE.

Writers use such similes as "so still one could hear a pin drop" and "as silent as the grave," but for absolute awe-inspiring quiet commend us to that profoundly concentrated hush of a variety theatre audience as some "monarch of song" retires after perpetrating, say, some fifteen "encores." At such a moment the entire house holds its breath with a common understanding, well knowing that the faintest sound that can be mistaken for applause—the scraping of a foot, the dropping of an opera-glass—will precipitate another vociferous would-be comic ballad upon their devoted heads. A friend at Deadwood writes the following apropos incident, which shows that in some cases the summary justice meted out in mining communities has its advantages. At the recent performance of a traveling combination at that camp, which endeavored to atone

for the sparsity of its attractions by the length of the bill, one particular murderer of harmony had taxed the patience of the red-shirted audience to the last limit, and had just retired for the ninth or tenth time. The audience remained absolutely petrified with suspense. Not a whisper was heard; even the cigars were puffed as softly as possible. At this pregnant moment a young man in the front row, after a desperate struggle to restrain himself, sneezed. "Ping!" went the prompter's bell, and in rushed the check-coated "Comique," bawling another stale ditty. This was too much. After a hasty conference with their neighbors, a committee from the dress circle invited the sneezer to step outside.

"Was that only an incidental sneeze, so to

PUCK ON WHEELS!

speak?" asked the chairman, "or have you a bad cold?"

The young man intimated that the latter was the case.

"Then you are liable to sneeze at any moment. Now, take our advice. Here is the price of your ticket. Take it and go quietly home."

"I don't propose to go home," said the young man. "I walked clear in from Frog Hollow to see this show, and I mean to sit her out."

"Is that your final determination?" asked the committee, quietly feeling for their shooters. "It is!"

Bang!

And carefully hanging the corpse over a fence where his friends could find it in the morning, the committee softly returned to their seats.

—San Francisco Post.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH, A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American Public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE NERVOUS AND BILIOUS HEADACHE, OR NEURALGIA, IN FIVE MINUTES. POSITIVELY REMOVE SCURF AND DANDRUFF, PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS, WHILE PROMOTING A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH OF THE HAIR. IT ALSO GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WEARIED BRAIN.

IT NEVER FAILS TO
PRODUCE A RAPID
GROWTH OF HAIR
ON BALD HEADS,

where the Glands and Follicles
are not totally destroyed.

Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric
Association of London.

New York Branch: 842 Broadway.

9 Goodwin St., Bradford, England,
Dec. 19th, 1878.

"My Aunt writes me they are the greatest blessing to her, as in all cases they relieve her at once. My hair is growing rapidly, the bald place being quite covered. I do think you ought to make these things known, for the benefit of others, as I am convinced it is the best Hair Renewer yet put before the public.

Yours truly,
J. JEWETT."

"Over 1,300,000 in use, an honest remedy worthy of all praise."—
British Medical Index.

Mentone,
Feb. 16th, 1879.
"The Hair entirely ceased coming out, and Baldness was averted."
[Extract—letter from Lady Sheffield.]

London, January 4th, 1879.
The Hon. Mrs. Locke deems it a pleasure and duty to state that they have never failed in her case, and many other cures have come under her observation. She also finds them most beneficial for the Hair, it being greatly improved by their use."

Longfleet, January 21st, 1879.
"I have never known them to fail in curing a bad headache. They are an excellent remedy for Scurf or Dandruff, with which I was troubled, but am now cured. Yours faithfully,
W. G. WILLIAMS, Chemist."

[FROM ALLEN PEARCE & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.]
Bristol, England, February, 1879.
"The effect was really astounding, removing the pain after a few minutes. As far as real value, they are worth a Guinea each."

[FROM THE LONDON PERFUMERS AND HAIR DRESSERS GAZETTE.]
"We have personally seen most remarkable cures of Baldness effected by their use."

Over 7000 similar Testimonials have been received. The originals can be seen at our Office.

**A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH,
PURE BRISTLES, NOT WIRES!!**
Sent post-paid on receipt of \$3.00.
Money returned if not as represented.

All remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. Pamphlet of Testimonials sent post-paid on application.



VAN BEIL'S "RYE AND ROCK"

is the best Tonic yet discovered and is a sure cure and preventive of

**MALARIA, LUNG, THROAT and VOCAL
DISORDERS.**

Recommended by leading Physicians and adopted by the Clergy and other Professionals.

PRICE \$1.00 PER LARGE BOTTLE.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for VAN BEIL'S "RYE and ROCK," and if not for sale in your town, send us \$1.25 and we will forward a sample bottle (charges paid) by Express to any Express Station East of Mississippi River.

N. VAN BEIL & CO.,

842, 844 and 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Genuine "RYE and ROCK" is for sale only in bottles and must have this signature on label.

Van Beil

HERMANN COHEN,

Nos. 2 and 2½ Bowery, N. Y.

IMPORTER OF

FINE OLIVE OIL.

IN CASES AND FRENCH CANS
FOR HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, AND FAMILY USE.

M. METZ,
STEAM

Pamphlet and Book Binder,

No. 51 BEEKMAN STREET.

Pamphlet binding of every description, and Pass books for banks a specialty.—Personal attention to everything entrusted to my care

NICOLL, The Tailor,

620 Broadway, near Houston St.,

AND
139 to 151 Bowery, N. Y.

Branches in all the principal Cities.

**SPRING SUITINGS.
SPRING WOOLENS.**

Pants to order..... \$4 to \$10.

Suits to order..... \$15 to \$40.

Spring Overcoats from \$15 upwards.

Samples with instructions for self-measurement sent free to every part of the United States.

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"No, I don't care for shad to-day!" said an
art patron, musingly. "Suppose you give me
a bass-relief."—*New York News.*

We agree with the Rev. Robert Ingersoll
upon one point. There seems to be very little
use in praying for the Democratic Convention.
—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THE New Haven Register says the gallery
gods fare badly at the Oberammergau Passion
Play. If they applaud they are kicked down-
stairs for being irreverent.

We nominate Mr. Courtney for Vice-Presi-
dent on both tickets. We know of no other
place where he could be so effectually hidden
from public gaze.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THEY say that insects can't reason, but a
spider at the West End has stretched his web
right over the portrait of a bald-headed man.
And he doesn't go hungry, you just wager.—
Boston Post.

AFTER ALL, perhaps it is well that the electric
light has proved a failure. Its general intro-
duction would keep the flies from going to
roost at sundown, and thus bald-headed men
would enjoy no rest.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

WASHBURN says he is for Grant first, last and
all the time, but he doesn't say he would not be
for Washburne if a good opportunity were
offered. A mental reservation is sometimes
worth more than two dollars and a half to a
man.—*Steubenville Herald.*

WHAT is home without a newspaper?—*Yonkers
Gazette.* It is a place where old hats are stuffed
into window frames; where the children are
like young pigs; the housewife like an Abori-
ginal savage; the husband with a panorama of
the Dismal Swamp painted on his shirt-bosom
with tobacco juice, and the general outlook
resembling the home of depraved heathens.—
Whitehall Times.

PHILADELPHIA milkmen say the reason they
have not reduced the price of milk from eight
to six cents per quart, as heretofore in the
spring, is owing to the high price of ice. We
don't know much about farming, but it strikes
us the reason is a pretty good one. Forty or
fifty cows must drink a great deal of ice water
during the summer; and besides, a big lump
of ice may inadvertently fall into a milk can
quite frequently.—*Norristown Herald.*

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PROF. FORBES has invented an instrument for detecting fire damp and determining the quantity of light carburetted hydrogen in the air. He calls the invention a "damposcope." It may be a mighty good contrivance, but a pious miner will not permit his life to be saved by such a profane thing as a d—poscope.—*Norristown Herald.*

CONCERNING the Bradlaugh Parliamentary oath trouble, the London *Truth* suggests that the wisest course for the House of Commons to pursue would be to abrogate both the oath and affirmation of allegiance. "There is no more reason why an M. P., on being elected to fulfill certain political functions, should solemnly declare his allegiance to the crown than that he should do so before eating his breakfast."

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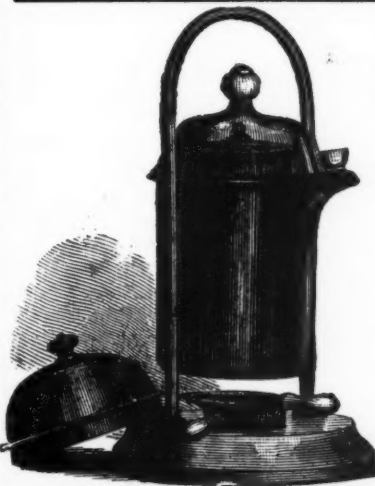
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numbed, (or clammed.)
"I've listened all too solely, to hear the shal-
lows murmur,
And now—may those pesky deeps be dam'd,
or—calmed."
—Rome Sentinel.

THE *Athenaeum* couples Mark Twain's name
with that of Walt Whitman. The *Athenaeum*
has made two enemies.—*Boston Post*.

WE sat all day yesterday wrapped in an
overcoat waiting for some one to come in and
say it was hot.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

THERE is one man in Boston who doesn't
get abused for not attending strictly to his own
business. He's a burglar.—*Boston Post*.

AN Oil City man has applied for a pension
because he crippled himself to escape the draft,
and was not drafted after all.—*Oil City Derrick*.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* thinks David Davis
could carry Rhode Island. Perhaps he could.
But why doesn't he take somebody of his size?
asks the *Elmira Free Press*.

QUEEN OLGA of Greece is a literary lady.
"Olga" is the abbreviation in Greece for oily-
margarine.—*Albany Argus*. Hold! Oilymar-
garine is not abbreviated in grease. It's all
grease.—*Boston Post*.

A MEMBER of a colored debating society in
Kentucky proposed as a subject for debate,
"Resolved, That a good wife is worth more to
a man than two dogs." All the members
wanted to speak on the negative side of the
question, so it was postponed indefinitely.—
Norristown Herald.

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